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Letter, July 25, from Floride Calhoun to Anne Clemson

Floride Calhoun

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Forthill July 25th

My dear Anne

Although I have recently written, I cannot resist doing so again, before leaving for the Springs. Nothing but continued rains (which have made the roads also impassible) has prevented my going before. The sky at least has been much lighter this time, and was hoping to be able to stay at home quietly, but find I must go to the Glen waters, to put my system right. I have taken so much medicine in order to do away the necessity of bleeding, that it has nearly destroyed the tone of my stomach. William Lowndes, goes with me. He looks very hearty, and if he continues increasing in flesh as he has done lately, will be as stout as I am now. When he returns, will go to school to Mr Gilman, in the Village until fall and then enter college. Col. and Mrs Preston, have sent him word that he must go and stay with them, and he will prepare him for college, but Willy, has no idea of it. He is anxious to get to the Springs before Col Preston, leaves, in order he may tell him what he does he must pursue in order to be by fall. He is determined to turn in and study hard.

Willy says I must tell you, that he attempted to write you yesterday
but has prained his foot so badly, that he can't write
just the letter, but will as soon as he can.

John is as studious as possible, now without a book
in his hand. In fact all of them appear now to be in the
line of applying the silver. John is still very
infirm. He goes to Charleston this winter. The cough
is much better, and he looks the picture of health.

Cornelia says she will write you again shortly. I am
glad to see he is better health. I is put it to the walks
and takes with Mr. Kim every evening.

I was obliged to discontinue my walks, they debilitated
me too much. I now ride for exercise.

I have not heard from Patrick since I wrote you,
his match was broken off with Miss Tibbatts.

Willy says he left all at the west well. Margaret,
was dining out constantly and is very stout. The
little girl growing finely, and looks like her dress.
It is called after Margaret Maria after herself.

Cornelia received a letter from Eliza Green, by the
last mail, in which she complains bitterly of not
hearing from Margaret, and begs him to write her all
about her, as they feel uneasy at not hearing. I am
surprised at it. She writes Washington is the dearest
place in the world, and hopes I will go on this point.

We expected letters by the last mail, hope to get
the next.

See we will on the plan. Marye Daniels daughter,
had twins, two weeks ago, and they are fine children -
girl and boy. Tom is delighted, says they are his special
grand children. Peggy Moses is her husband. Peggy
and all the Syros, sent Rowden to go, all blessed,
and the children.

I am going to leave home at this time, as I am visiting,
just as word they would all be up soon, and Catherine
Grover, Eugenie, and Martha Bent, all expect
to arrive at this fall.

Genl. McDuffin lies very low, it is thought he
must die this time. I feel sorry for Mary, she is all
alone with him at Cherry. She promised to come up and
stay some time with me. She is a sweet girl so afflicted.
Poor baby lies very ill. I fear her chest is affected.
She appears low spirited about herself. Her father, will
not last long, he is only waiting to see her out of danger,
to take a sea voyage. I fear he will soon return.

Let me know in your next when you expect to return, or
whether you are so much attached to Europe, that you cannot
live again in America. It is a thousand pities, your
children, were not older, to deprive them the advantages of a
foreign education. Kiss them for me. I long much to see

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I am. And as to yourself I cannot bear to think the distance
you are from me. I'll ought to feel thankful to know
you are all well, and not so much out of the world as I
thought you were. I hope Mr. Benson, will be able to sell
his house, and purchase one, nearer the market, and when
he is a better health, and society will be better.

I have written you a much longer letter than I expected
not to have done, but must conclude, as I feel nervous,
and a little of the rushing of blood to the head. I write that
you may not feel uneasy about me, as my attack has
been lighter this time than usual. I have not been obliged
to go to bed at all. Excuse the bad writing, and I feel as I
have hurried to get through. God bless you all is the
constant prayer of your ever devoted Mother.

Flora Benson

Mrs. A. M. Benson.